

Maine Farmer.

FAIRS TO OCCUR.

Androscoggin Agricultural Society—At Livermore Falls, August 25th and 26th.
Buxton and Hollis Agricultural Society—At Livermore Falls, August 25th and 26th.
Cumberland Farmers' Club Fair—At West Cumberlnd, Sept. 25th and 26th.
Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Narragansett Park, Gorham, Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th.

Durham Agricultural Society—At Durham, Sept. 21st and 22d.

Eastern Maine State Agricultural Society—At Ellsworth, Sept. 21st and 22d.

Ellsworth Agricultural Society—At Ellsworth, Sept. 21st and 22d.

East Somersett Agricultural Society—At Hartland, Sept. 21st and 22d.

East Eddington Farmers' Club—At East Eddington, Sept. 15th and 16th.

Fairhaven County Agricultural Society—At Gray, Sept. 18th and 19th.

Gray Park Association—At Gray, August 24th.

Hancock County Fair Association—At Ellsworth, the week following the Eastern State Fair.

Hancock County Agricultural Society—At Mountain Park, Blue Hill, Sept. 21st, 22d and 23d.

Kennebec County Agricultural Society—At Readfield, Sept. 7th, 8th and 9th.

Limestone County Agricultural Society—At Damariscotta, Oct. 6th, 7th and 8th.

Maine State Agricultural Society—At Lewiston, Aug. 30th and 31st, Sept. 1st, 2d and 3d.

Northern Cumberland Agricultural Society—At Ellsworth, Sept. 21st and 22d.

Northport Union Agricultural Society—At Unity, Sept. 21st and 22d.

Trotting Park, Sept. 29th and 30th.

Ossipee Union Agricultural Association—At Cornish, August 24th, 25th and 26th.

South Kennebec Agricultural Society—At South Windham, Sept. 21st, 22d and 23d.

Sagadahock Agricultural and Horticultural Society—At Topsham, Oct. 12th, 13th and 14th.

Waldo and Penobscot Agricultural Society—At Marion, Sept. 18th and 19th.

West Cumberlnd Agricultural Society—At Belknap, Sept. 21st and 22d.

Washington County Agricultural Society—At Cherryfield, Sept. 14th, 15th and 16th.

York County Agricultural Society—At Saco Driveway Park, Saco, Sept. 14th, 15th, 16th and 17th.

(Will officers of Societies assist us in making our list complete?)

Choice Miscellany.

TO ONE THAT CHID HIM FOR GATHERING THE LATEST ROSES.

As flecks as an April morn,
October with his driving rain
Now snote the garden paths forlorn,
Now brooks in smiles again.

Crying, "We tarry all too late."
Each other flower drooped her head,
But dauntless still they kept their state,
The roses white and red.

And, "We shall reign," they said, "for long."
I prided them for your delight.
"Nay, then, you did them cruel wrong.
The roses red and white.

For they had gladdened many a day,
Defying still the somber time,
Amid the whirling leaves' decay
Reckless summer's prime."

Then I: "How sorrowful their lot,
Who quenched it at the garden's court,
To linger on when joy is not,
To be the wind's sport;"

"To feed their drugged petals fall,
The soft, after-bloom, the cold,
Till now the blast has dashed them all
Upon the chilly mud."

"A royal sepulture they crave—
Refuse not then a last behest—
One home to live in brave beauty,
Then die upon thy breast."

—H. C. Minchin in Spectator.

BE GOOD TO ONE ANOTHER.

Dear little children, where'er you be,
Who are watched and cherished tenderly
By father and mother.
Who are fond of the love that lies
In the kindly depths of a sister's eyes
Or the helpful words of a brother.

Charge you by the years to come,
When some shall be far away from your home
And some shall be gone forever,
But all you will have to feel at the last,
When you stand alone and think of the past,
That you speak unkindly never.

For cruel words, even less,
Words spoken only in thoughtlessness
Nor least against our affection,
If they made the face of a mother sad,
Or a tender sister's heart less glad,
Or checked a brother's laughter.

Will rise again, and they will be heard,
And every thoughts, foolish word.
Then every lips have spoken
After the lips of years and years
Will bring from your sun-bitter tears
As fall when the heart is broken.

Dear little, innocent, precious ones,
Be darling, delicate daughters and sons
To father and to mother.
And save yourselves from the bitter pain
That comes when regret and remorse are vain
Be good to one another.

—Phoebe Cary.

LOOK THROUGH MINE EYES WITH THINE.

True wife, Round my true heart these arms encircle.
My other dear life in life.

Look through my eyes with thine.
The eyes of a mother's love.

They are the kind eyes of a mother's love.
They have not shed a many tears.

Dear eyes, since first I knew them well.

Yet there they shed. They had their part
Of sorrow, for when time was ripe

The still affection of the heart
Bore the sweetest, most touching type,

The into slumber passed away.

And left a want unknown before,

Although the loss that brought us pain,

That loss but made us love the more,

With further lookings on. The kiss,
The woven arms, seem but to be

Weak symbols of the settled bliss,

The eyes of a mother's love.

But that God bless thee, dear, who wrought

Two spirits to one equal mind.

With blessings beyond hope or thought,

With blessings which no words can find.

—Tennyson.

LOVE'S MESSENGERS.

The road shall be my messenger,

The hand of destiny.

Each spirit shall be the seat

Of tend'rest emotion.

And in the heart of each fair rose,

Deep hidden in the core,

There rests my soul, my inner self,

To love but only a mere.

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LOVE'S ROSARY.

Sweet names, the rosary of my evening prayer,

Told on my lips like kisses of good night.

To friends who go a little from my sight,

And so through distant years shine clear

So this dear burden that I daily bear

Night's God takes and doth loose me quite,

And so I sink in slumber pure and light

With thoughts of human love and heavenly care.

But when I mark how into shadow slips

My manhood's prime and weep fast passing friends

And their thickselves making poor my life,

And this how in the dusts love's labors end,

Then, where the cluster of my heartstones shone,

"Bid me not live," I sigh, "till all be gone,"

—G. E. Woodberry in Harper's Magazine.

The Maine Farmer's Summer Home Department.

TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS:

YOU ARE aware of the fact that millions of dollars are each year brought to New England by summer visitors. YOU KNOW that the per cent. of profit in keeping summer boarders is greatly in excess of the per cent. of gain from marketing your farm products. YOU KNOW that a few good paying guests during the summer will add a very handsome revenue to your year's business. WE KNOW the uselessness and expense you would be obliged to undergo to obtain these guests through the customary channels.

We want to help you, each one, to Obtain a Few Good Summer Guests.

First, we wish you to know, if you already do not, that there are hundreds of families and individuals in the central, southern and eastern portion of the United States earnestly but vainly seeking a genuine farmer's home among New England's beautiful hills, in which to spend their vacation. They want REST, QUIET, SIMPLE, PURE FOODS. And in addition, some desire BOATING, FISHING or HUNTING.

One or ALL of these attractions are to be found in EVERY SECTION of the State of Maine.

THE PEOPLE OF WHOM WE SPEAK

DO NOT Expensive Service.
WANT High Priced Hotels.
THEY DO WANT To be obliged to wear their best attire.
Cleanliness, Courtesy, and The Roughness of Camp Life.

CAN YOU FURNISH THESE?
Then Read our Offer.

SPECIAL*
Illustrated * Catalogues

of every Farmer's Home where summer guests will be accommodated.

We shall prepare, for all subscribers complying with our requests,

Each home will be shown by Photographic Cut, uniform size, and under each will be inserted the following statistics:

Altitude above sea level.....	Capacity.....	No. Rooms.....
Price per week, \$.....	Per day, \$.....	Any driving horses?.....
Condition of Roads (good—sandy—billy).....	What fish can be found?.....	How many?.....
How near good Fishing?.....	Any boating?.....	How near?.....
How near good Hunting?.....	Rivers or Lakes? (Give names).....	Name of Farm.....
Proprietor's name.....	P. O. Address.....	
Nearest R. R. Station.....	miles on.....	R. R. Name of Station.....

After compiling these Catalogues (THE FIRST OF THE KIND EVER PRINTED), we shall place them in Summer Resort Bureaus in all large cities, and also in the home office of the Farmer; also, in other large centres (as the demand grows), and advertise at OUR EXPENSE, that such a list can be consulted and a wealth of information obtained at the addresses of these bureaus. In compiling this list of illustrations, care will be taken to arrange according to location, and each locality will be preceded by editorial and descriptive write up.

WHAT WE ASK YOU TO DO.

First. Subscribe for the "Maine Farmer," if you already do not take it, as this special work is for sub-

Second. Send us a good photo. of your home and answer the foregoing questions, cutting out blank and forwarding with photograph.

Third. The cut from your photograph will last for years, and can be used on your private letter heads and envelopes, thus entailing no repetition of expense in reissuing catalogues from year to year.

WHAT WE DO AT OUR EXPENSE.

We will have each cut printed on the finest paper, insert detail of information as given by you, have these bound into

Handsome and Durable Volumes, and placed in all the SUMMER RESORT BUREAUS of the highest standing.

We will also advertise the fact and value of this list in the leading Metropolitan papers.

From a Point of Sentiment. We desire to draw every farmer in Maine as close to the MAINE FARMER as its sixty-four years of age and honest endeavor deserves.

From a Business Point. We believe it will increase our subscription list, and we know it will insure added prosperity to Maine by establishing a CASH HOME MARKET for all choice products.

Yours truly,

THE MAINE FARMER.

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We anticipate a response worthy our effort and offer.

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We anticipate a response worthy our effort and offer.

Yours truly,

Woman's Department.

A HEALTHY WIFE
Is a Husband's Inspiration.

"I am weary of my home!" she cried. "And of its endless tasks, so mean and small! I have to mingle with the world outside, far from life's full cup; the drops that fall from breakers often clasp, tho' gladly quaffed, State not my thirst, my hand must hold the draught."

She feels a little hand slip into hers, And little fingers clinging to her gown, And the man a tender, patient master. Of violet lids by the death shut down; And as she lifts the little hinder up, "Drink," she cries, "at least from love's full cup."

"Forgive, dear Lord, forgive the foolish speech, For love is still; without it life is naught; Let me not have the blessings of my reach, And I will nevermore complain of aught; His cup may hold for woman what it will—Without love's wine she will be thirsty.

"I know this, how have I dared to call, When love doth make the humblest toil divine, My daily round of duties mean and small? Odarling! press your warm, soft lips to mine, While I thank God I am safe at home alone, Nor envy dwellers in the world outside."

HARDY WON.

BY ELLA H. STRATTON.

For days the red sun had hung, like a glowing coal, above the doomed town of Blackley. It mattered little which way the wind blew, for dense clouds of resin-scented smoke enveloped the place like a pall. People vainly prayed for rain, and the hours brought no change. The sun glared through the smoky atmosphere, and the nights of terror were lighted by vast forests of blazing trees. The sweet wild flowers shrank and withered, even the sombre pines seemed ever sobbing and sighing for the much-needed rain.

A group of men were standing near the Duluth track, watching a tiny wreath of black smoke in the distance. The heated air came in sudden puffs, followed by an ominous calm.

"For one, don't like the looker that," said old Ben Allen, shaking his head grimly. "It means mischief, I bet."

"Why, man," exclaimed James Wilson, the proprietor of half the town, "you don't apprehend danger to us?"

"Danger? No, death—that's just what'll be, if the wind keeps in that quarter, it'll blowin' a gale after two hours. It's growin', that fire is, an' the bigger it gets the faster it'll go, with them turbulent clouds ahead of it. I've seen afore. Don't ye remember Peshtigo?"

"And Kate is over by the lake—beyond the lake—spending the day," groaned Mr. Wilson.

"Mr. Elamore, Prof. Collins and a lot of 'em are fishing down ter the lake; mebbe de's with them."

"No, I tell you she's beyond—at Mr. Allen's house, and it's surrounded by rocks. Will no one save her? A thousand dollars to the one who saves my child."

The group was as silent as though the shadow of death had already fallen upon the doomed town. Not a man answered the bribe made by the frantic father. Life is better than gold.

"Will no one go?" groaned Mr. Wilson. "I can't ride. Will no one go? Two thousand—three—four—yes, ten thousand dollars to the man who saves her. What? No one? Oh, my God!"

"It can't be did, master," said Ben, pitiably. "I'd give my old life for Miss Kate, bless her pretty face! There's only one horse in town as could git there. What? No one? Oh, my God!"

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TERMS.
\$1.50 IN ADVANCE; OR \$2.00 IF NOT PAID
WITHIN ONE YEAR OF DATE OF
SUBSCRIPTION.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

For one inch space, \$2.50 for three inser-
tions and seventy-two cents for each subse-
quent insertion.

COLLECTORS' NOTICES.

Mr. C. S. AYER, of Boston, now calling
upon our subscribers in Sagadahoc county.
Mr. J. W. KELLOGG, our Agent, is now call-
ing upon our subscribers in Hancock county.

Mr. DEPEW thinks the arbitration
treaty between this country and England
is destined to become a law.

It is expected that President McKinley
will visit Bar Harbor some time during
the summer.

The proposition to build a 50-story
building, 700 feet in height, in New York,
shows that there is still room for more
at the top of a sky-scraper.

We are sending out a few extra copies
to those not subscribers, and would be
pleased to receive an order to continue,
after a careful reading.

The moon needn't put on any more airs
just at present. Professor Arapoth of the
Cordoba observatory asserts that the
moon is not a satellite of the earth, but
a planet.

Don't miss the grand announcement
of the new department in another
column. It is receiving favorable com-
ment from every quarter. Read it care-
fully and pass to your neighbor who
is not a subscriber, for in this way you
help him as well as yourself.

The printed roster of the State of
Maine Association of California includes
no less than 1,600 names, and this num-
ber does not comprise nearly all the
Maine people who have found new homes
in that "glorious climate." It is almost
astounding even to the imagination to
think of the hosts the sons and daugh-
ters of Maine who have gone away from
us would make it all gathered together.

We desire to add one thousand names
to our list during the next thirty days,
and the substantial worth of the Maine
Farmers' active efforts by all our
friends. Will you not say a good word
for the Farmer and all it is seeking to
do? The influence of old-time subscriv-
ers will aid greatly in securing the de-
sired end and be appreciated by the
proprietors.

In making up the forms last week, a
great blunder occurred, whereby the last
part of our leader on the "Annexation of
Hawaii" got transferred to the account
of the meeting of Androscoggin Grange,
and the closing proceedings of the
Grange put on to the leader. This is
an annexation of which we are not in
favor. With this explanation, we hope
our readers will be enabled to untangle
the mess.

Truly the *Portland Express* says that
the lesson the town of Vassalboro has
learned will be heeded by her, but scores
of other towns will try to get along, for
alleged economy's sake, with inadequate
protection from fire, and learn the great
un wisdom of such a course after it
is too late. The history of town fires in
Maine shows that many towns take no
heed of the lessons that might have been
learned from the experience of others.

In the course of an after-dinner ad-
dress at Bowdoin, last week, Chief Jus-
tice Peters said, "I love Bowdoin College
because I love my State of Maine, and
the State loves Bowdoin College because
she is the most venerable of her colleges.
I think Bowdoin stands at the head of
colleges. I don't say universities—I
mean real universities. It takes a hun-
dred years to make a college. Any
legislature can make a university in a
single day." The point of this remark
lies in its application.

Those interested in the Farmers'
Product Co. of Maine met in Bangor,
Thursday, and transacted some business.
Mr. George W. Maxfield, who originated
the plan, was present and there was an
extended consultation. Some new mem-
bers have been taken into the company,
which will now be pushed. Stock will
be subscribed for and general pro-
gress made. The plans of the company
are as before—the establishment of a
stock yard in Bangor, where the farm
products of Maine can have a natural
outlet.

In regard to a law passed by the last
Legislature which has been construed as
forbidding merchants selling parsnips green
to farmers, Governor Powers says: "I
am much inclined to think that a con-
struction that would prohibit the sell-
ing of parsnips by traders for the
killing of potato bugs would make the
state subject to great doubt as to its
constitutionality. I don't think that good
policy requires that it be enforced
against merchants who sell parsnips
green to farmers for agricultural pur-
poses." Whatever was the intention of
the law-makers, the Supreme Court, and
not the Governor, is the interpreter of
the law.

Cable advises of this date to George
A. Cochran, Boston, from the principal
markets of Great Britain give butter
markets as very dull and lifeless in so
far as spot business is concerned. Re-
ceipts of Continental and Irish continue
to be large. Weather conditions favor-
able for the make. There is a little bet-
ter feeling in America for future delivery
at about 10@11 1/2%. Medium grades dull.
There is a fair demand for ladies and
imitations from 11@13c. Cheese mar-
kets are all the turn easier in conse-
quence of heavy shipments this week
from Canada and America. Finest
American and Canadian new offered at
8@9@10c, with the market tending
downward.

Mr. L. F. Jones, Andover, formerly
of East Winthrop, died on the 21st, aged
68 years. The remains were taken to
East Winthrop for burial. Mr. Jones
had been a resident of Andover for
twenty years, and during that time has
been one of the foremost citizens in busi-
ness affairs, pertaining to the welfare of
the town. He leaves a widow and one
son.

The following lines have been carved
on the tombstone of a North Carolina
moushaiser:

"Killed by the Government for making
whiskey out of corn grown from seed
furnished by a Congressman."

It is fully believed at Honolulu that
the Japanese meant to seize the custom
house there, and were only prevented by
the attitude of the local government.
After annexation scenes like that would
not be likely to occur.

Spectacles and Eye glasses of new and
desirable patterns, all fresh goods, are
offered at low prices in Partridge's old
reliable drug store, opp. post office,
Augusta.

June has been a sad and disappointing
month, this year, and she left us yester-
day, bathed in her own tears.

THEORY VERSUS PRACTICE.

OUR SUMMER HOME DEPARTMENT.

The return to New York last week of
thirteen colored persons who formed
part of a colony numbering two hundred
or more, sent to Liberia two years ago,
calls to mind the history of a scheme
which, in the jostle and push of other
important subjects, had been almost for-
gotten. This particular plan of African
colonization originated with Bishop
Turner while he was making a journey
through the South in 1804. A white
man, Jere. McMillin of Birmingham,
Ala., carried the plan into effect. He
organized what was known as the Inter-
national Emigration society, and made
big promises, among them claiming that
the president of Liberia had promised to
give all actual settlers land and farming
implements without money and without
price. In addition to this each person
was to be provided on landing with a
barrel of flour, two barrels of meat and a
quantity of sugar. One Johnson, an in-
telligent negro of Hot Springs, Ark.,
went to Liberia in 1804, and with him
went a committee to make the necessary
arrangements for the colonists, each of
whom was to pay a certain sum for
transportation and in addition must pos-
sess \$200 in gold as capital, upon which
to begin life in the new Utopia. The
climate and natural resources of the new
country were painted in glowing colors.

The first large party of colonists left
Georgia in March, 1805, and several small-
er parties followed later. The president of
the society, D. K. Flanner, accompanied
the emigrants, and the ragged prodigals
who have returned say that he basely
deserted them, taking with him every
possible, and that the land that
had been provided was thirty-five miles
from any town; that it was land upon
which nothing would grow except coffee.
They allege that the scheme has been a
complete failure, and that many of the
colonists have died of malarial fever and
starvation. The society failed to fulfil
its contract, and many members of the
expedition are stranded in England, un-
able to get to their old homes in the
United States. The emigrants could
find absolutely nothing to do in their
new homes, as they came into direct
competition with the natives, who wore
no clothing, and who had a monopoly of
all work at starvation prices.

The experience of these colonists, says
the *Portland Express*, is new and
interesting to repeat itself. The
hardships experienced by the famous
Trojan in establishing an abiding place
for his household gods in Italy, were
nothing to what they would have been
had he trusted the expedition to a rep-
resentative who had the combination
of the Pilgrim Fathers.

Hon. W. R. Sessions, Secretary Massa-
chusetts State Board of Agriculture: I
have just secured and read the copy of the
last *Farmer*, and will say that I think the
new departure a grand thing. It ought
to go down to the Sea of Maine.

Mr. E. M. Blanding, editor *Industrial*
Journal, Bangor: I am anxious to receive
the sample copy of the *Farmer* containing
announcements of your Summer
Home Department. This new departure
speaks volumes for your agricultural
and family interests.

Mr. C. B. Chick, has been making
improvements on his cottage at Bay-
ville, Boothbay, and will soon take his
children there to pass the summer. Last
fall, Mr. Chick had a large well dug near
his cottage and now has an abundance of
splendid water.

Mr. C. B. Chick is a blacksmith shop of Ed
Ladd, the post-office, furniture repair and
paint shop of W. F. Mitchell, Miss Fuler's
house, occupied by G. W. Smiley, the
farm barn of Phillip Hanson, the
Bellmore house, the home of Mrs. Ann
T. Getchell, and that of Mrs. Emily
Goldthwaite. On the north side of this
area are the houses of Mr. and Mrs. Orrin
Snow, the dwellings of Orrin A. Snow and
Philip Hanson. On the cross street,
north of the main street, the fire took
the harness shop of George Smiley and
the summer cottage of Mrs. Frye of Bos-
ton.

The peculiar action of the flames in
their course was the wonder of many
in the neighborhood, that London butter
was not more easily affected.

Mr. Rutilus Alden, Winthrop, Me.: I
think the *Farmer* has started on the
right track and if you follow out the
suggestions made you will be more than
satisfied with the results of your under-
taking.

Mr. W. W. Stetson, State Superin-
tendent of Schools: It seems to me that
the scheme outlined in the *Farmer* has
the merit of being a good one, and the
State is an excellent one. It must result
in giving the country a still better idea
of the great attractions of the State.

Mr. George A. Alden, Waterville:
The little village of "Getchell's Cor-
ner," Vassalboro, is in ashes. Seven-
teen families have been made homeless,
and 34 buildings levelled to the ground.
At about 3:15 o'clock, Saturday after-
noon fire was discovered coming from
one of the three large store houses and
the second at the Hillside Creamery at
Cornish, N. H. All was made late in the
month of April—the period known to
the *Farmer* as "between the rain and the
heat" or the most difficult season for making
butter. The shipment, therefore, was
not expected to give the most satisfactory
result, but only to serve as a pioneer, to
pave the way and suggest points for im-
proving the management of tripartite ex-
ports to follow. Both left New York on
May 1st, and were in the port of London
on the 13th, or four days after the Iowa
butter was made and ten days before
the arrival of the New Hampshire butter
left the creamery.

All the English judges agreed that the
butter was "firm, bright and in sweet
condition throughout the packages,"
which were lined with parchment paper,
but which did not keep its original
flavor when examined and contained too
much brine or "liquor." All of the ship-
ment was regarded as too salt. Dairy-
men will readily recognize the cause
of the brine or "liquor." The department
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ounce of salt to a pound of butter will be
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The English judges also agreed that the
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KENNEBEC COUNTY NEWS.

—George A. Alden of Waterville is dangerously ill.

—Bids for \$35,000 worth of city of Waterville funding bonds were opened Friday afternoon. Esterbrook & Co. of Boston got the bonds at 108.55.

—Chipman Heron, aged 13, son of John Heron of Winslow, was drowned in the Kennebec, Friday evening, while

the student Butler of Colby University on Friday announced the gift of \$1000 to the general fund of the university from Louise Helen Coburn of the class of '77.

—F. E. Milliken has been appointed, and accepted, the position of the new steamer Lincoln, the Kennebec & Boston Steamboat Co.

—Newell C. Cook committed suicide by hanging at his home, Maple street, Gardiner, Tuesday morning. Cause, probably despondency. His age was 65.

—George Sargent, employed at South Gardiner, in the wood room of the pul-

mill, cut a good sized gash in the floor of his house by running it against a circular iron pipe forenoon. Several stiches had to be taken.

—With specially low rates and complete train accommodations the University S. S. excursion at Lake Mecumee next Wednesday, July 7th, promises to be a complete success. Everybody is invited and a grand good time is insured.

—Fire was started for the first time, Monday afternoon, under the boilers of the Berlin Mills Co.'s plant at Farmington, to dry out the place. The mill is owned by Mr. Smith, and Superintendent is John Smith, engaged to be running a crew of 50 men in about four weeks, sawing out 60,000 feet per day.

—Thomas LaCombe of Waterville, one of the oldest engineers of the Maine Central system, died, Thursday night, after a long illness, at his home on Temple street. Mr. LaCombe was about 55 years old. For more than 45 years he had worked for the Maine Central as fireman and engineer, most of that time being a member of a shifter in the yard in Waterville.

—The well known lumber firm of H. W. Jewett & Co., have assigned to A. M. Spear for \$72,000. The firm employed 63 men and had a monthly pay roll of about \$3000. Mr. Jewett has offered his creditors 20 per cent, but this has been refused, it is said, to insufficient security. While no definite statement as to the assets has been made, it is believed they will amount to \$20,000.

—Little John Talbot of Gardiner, a four-year-old son of S. W. Talbot, had quite a narrow escape from death the other day. He was playing in the upper story of Fred Thorne's barn and fell into the hay spout, taking a shoot of about twenty feet to the manger below. There was considerable hay in the manger, which saved him from serious injury, barring a big shaking up.

—Lovers of good music should visit Patten block, Gardiner, and listen to the piano recitals of Miss Mary E. Patten, on the Ivories & Pond pianos. A rich treat is offered this Thursday evening in the musical and literary, the artist being all from Boston. Mrs. Annie Hooper Almy, soprano, Miss Lena L. Dube, pianist, Mrs. Addie Chase Smith, reader, and Mr. Claude Fisher, violinist. This firm is showing enterprise, and ask only that those wishing good musical instruction come and test these on exhibition.

—Hon. and Mrs. Daniel H. Thig of Mt. Vernon, celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage Sunday evening. About 200 guests from neighboring villages came to congratulate them. A large tent was erected near the house for refreshments, consisting of cake, confectionery, lemonade, fruit, etc. Poems, speaking and singing occupied the evening. A. P. Thig, of Boston, gave a presentation speech in a happy manner. Gold, silver and gifts were brought in abundance. Among the gifts were two gold enameled rocking chairs and about \$75 in gold.

—The school at Riverside closed last Friday with exercises which reflected much credit upon teachers and scholars. The following programme was successfully carried out:

Greeting Song. Miss Grace Gardner Proverbs, Miss Mary A. Ballard Visitors from Story Land, Seven Little Scholars introduced by Guy Stevens.

Recitation—Master Ralph's Opinion.

Reading—The Teacher's Dream.

Miss Flora Trask, teacher primary de-

recitation—Be Polite.

Walter Dunlap Motion Song.

Recitation—Miss Florence Morrill, teacher grammar department.

The school room was very prettily decorated with evergreens and flowers, which added much to the effect of the exercises.

The parts were all excellently taken and the "Motion Song" and "Visitors from Story Land" were particularly fine exercises. The "Motion Song" was led by Miss Frances Emery, a young miss of easy manners and with a remarkably fine voice, and being well supported by the other singers it passed off splendidly. "The Teacher's Dream" was finely read by one of the teachers of the school, Miss Trask. Miss Trask, the grammar teacher, made some very appropriate remarks, at the close, in well chosen language, which showed her to be a lady of much ability. The school has been a success under the instruction of these teachers.

PROBATE COURT—KENNEBEC COUNTY.

Willa proved, approved and allowed: Of

Harriet D. Stanley of Winthrop, Elliott

Wood of Winthrop appointed execu-

tor; of Weston F. Pinkham of Belgrade, C. M. Weston of Belgrade appointed execu-

tor; of E. W. Whitehouse of Augusta, appointed ex-

ecutor; of Albert Pinkham of China, Charles A. Pinkham of China, appointed

administrator with will annexed; of Ben-

jamin Clifford of China, Benjamin J. W. Clifford of China appointed ad-

ministrator with will annexed; of N. X. Corey Leighton of Mt. Vernon; Ella E. Leighton of Mt. Vernon, appointed ex-

ecutor; of Mrs. N. E. Fickett, N. E. Fickett, appointed administrator with will annexed; of Eben D. Haley of Gardiner was ap-

pointed administrator on the estate of

Dana H. Haley of Randolph.

Della Bessey of Albion was appointed

guardian of Emily C. George, B. and

Leon M. Bessey of Albion.

In the Court of Insolvency, Charles L. Higgins of Augusta received a discharge.

Unity Local.

There are already a few summer visi-

tors at Windmere Park.

Five of the town schools closed Fri-

day. The remaining three will close

July 2.

During the past week much has been done under the supervision of Mr. Tozzi to improve the condition of the streets, driveways and crossings.

Deer are becoming plentiful and tame about West Ellsworth, so much so that

farmers fear that later on they may prove

a menace to the green stuff in field gar-

dens. Isaac N. Avery, one of the wealth-

test farmers thereabouts and a mechan-

ical genius, is at work upon a machine

to place in his grain fields to scare away

the deer in case they become too closely

identified with his farming efforts.

Can't Eat

This is the complaint of thousands at this season. They have no appetite; food does not relish. They need the toning up of the stomach and digestive organs, which a course of Hood's Sarsaparilla will give them. It also purifies and enriches the blood, cures that distress after eating and internal misery only dyspeptic can know, creates an appetite, overcomes that tired feeling and builds up and sustains the whole physical system. It so promptly and efficiently relieves dyspeptic symptoms and cures nervous headaches, that it seems to have almost "a magic touch."

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The best—in fact the True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills, aid digestion. 25¢.

Have You Seen

The men's suits we are selling at

\$8, \$10 and \$12?

Those who have seen them not only compliment us on the values, but buy a suit. You will if you see them.

We are showing a large line of Children's all wool suits—ages 5 yrs. to 14 yrs. —at

\$2.50 per suit.

C. H. NASON,
THE ONE PRICE CLOTHIER,
1 & 2 Allen's Bldg., Augusta, Me.

PARIS GREEN,

HELEBORE,
INSECT POWDERS,
SULPHATE COPPER,
COPPERAS,
TAR CAMPHOR, ETC.

Our Paris Green is pure, put up safe in tin cans at same price as paper boxes.

CHAS. K. PARTRIDGE,
Druggist & Apothecary, Opp. P. O.,
Augusta, Me.

Health Prescription.

R "L. F. Atwood's Bitters
One bottle, 35c

Sigma

Take a teaspoonful after each meal if food distresses.

A dessertspoonful at bedtime for constipation. Be sure the bottle bears the trademark.

"L. F." Avoid imitations
Or Food Advice.

To Mr. Corner Druggist,
Sure Cure St.

For The
BEST
of Everything
in the
DRUG LINE
Go to
PARTRIDGE'S

Old Reliable Drug Store,
Opp. P. O., Augusta, Me.

We Wish

To call attention to the following
Seasonable Specialties:

PARIS GREEN,
HELEBORE,
INSECT POWDER,
FLY PAPER AND
ALL INSECT DESTROYERS.

We have a Large Stock and
sell at very Low Prices.

JOHN COUCHLIN,
Registered Druggist,
West End of Kennebec Bridge, AUGUSTA

For Sale or Exchange.

A good pair horses, weighing 2600 lbs. each, kind and good workers. Will sell low for \$1000. I have a good cow, also one 6 ft. cut and one 5 ft. cut Buckeye mowing machine, as good as new.

N. E. FICKETT, N. P. FICKETT, Pownal, Me.

Classified Ads.

N. B. Hereafter, Sale, Want and Ex-

change advertisements will be in-

cluded in this department. Pay

must invariably be in advance.

OLD NEWSPAPERS, whole, for sale at 25 cents per hundred at Farmer Office.

Geo. B. Bagley, editor and proprietor of the Portland Sunday Telegram, died at Hotel Thordike, Boston, Monday afternoon, of pneumonia. Mr. Bagley came on from New York, Friday, having apparently recovered from a severe attack of the disease, but Saturday he had a relapse, from which he died. He established the Sunday Telegram ten years ago. His age was 55 years.

Items of Maine News.

Colby Commencement. George M. Duly has been appointed deputy collector and cashier in the Bath custom house, vice Lowell.

W. F. Tibbets has been appointed shipping commissioner at Rockland under the civil service rules.

It is asserted and expected that the "city" of Rumford Falls will yet astonish the world more than it has in the past.

May A. Lancaster of Belfast, once well known in the family of the old American House died Friday evening.

The body of Michael Mahone, the river driver, who was drowned at Madison, June 20, was found in the river at South Norridgewock, Monday.

M. C. Wedgewood of Lewiston, B. F. Sturgis of Auburn, and Frank E. Sleeper of Sabbath have been appointed members of the Androscoggin board of pension surgeons.

One of Fairfield's oldest residents, Mrs. E. K. Hudson, daughter of General William Kendall the first settler, and whose home village is named "Kendall's Mills," died Monday, aged 93 years. A brother of Mrs. Hudson, who is 97 years of age, still lives there.

Isaac Merriman, 47 years old, a merchant in Harswells Centre, committed suicide, Wednesday, by shooting himself through the forehead. Before shooting himself he procured a blanket from his house and committed the act in the barn where he was discovered dead, with the blanket over him. Mr. Merriman had been ill for some time.

Gilbert L. Creamer, a well-to-do farmer, residing in Noboroboro, committed suicide Thursday afternoon by hanging himself in his barn. He was discovered soon after the deed by members of the family, but only women were present, and before he could be relieved life was extinct. Despondency from poor health was undoubtedly the cause.

Postmasters appointed: A. M. Merrill has been appointed at South Windham—L. B. Baker at West Hampden—L. S. Brewster at W. F. Head—North Freeport—F. F. Giles; West Bowdoin, Alonso Head—West Bowdoin, Alonzo Head, vice Mrs. N. B. Morgan, who has been established at Glendale, Lincoln county, and Cyrus F. Creamer has been appointed postmaster.

Charles L. Thompson, a well known and highly respected citizen of Portland died Wednesday evening. He was 71 years and several months of age.

His remains were buried at Tremont and spent the early part of his life as a shipbuilder at Brunswick, building principally square rigged vessels. He removed to Portland in 1870, where he has since been engaged as a ship carpenter.

The members of Beaumont Commandery, K. T., of Malden, Mass., were the guests of St. John's Commandery, of Bangor for three days, and the entertainment of the visitors was commenced with a dinner drive out on the streets of Penobscot, Wednesday noon. There was a brilliant parade in the afternoon, and on Friday they departed for Kineo, where they were entertained.

A sad accident, which resulted in the death of the victim, Tuesday, occurred at the home of Robert Stuart, a hard working farmer of Richmond, Monday afternoon. While standing on top of the stove in her room, Mrs. Stuart fell backward, striking heavily upon a chair, receiving fatal injuries. She died at about noon, Tuesday. She was about 40 years. She is survived by a husband and four children.

The clam factory at the Point in Friendship has orders from the owners, Messrs. Burnham and Morrill of Portland, to shut down until the first of September. The factory of Lawry Bros. has an excellent business.

The presentation of the annual address of the Board of Directors of the College of Bangor was commenced by the Rev. Dr. George L. Lorimer in the evening of Wednesday, June 26th.

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The annual address of the

Poetry.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE HAVING SEASON.

June grass is as ripe as it should be;
The daisies are in full blow;
Tangled clusters of golden asters—
Stems of grass most thickly grow;
Heads of herd's grass and clover fast forming;
Swale grass rankly grows in the fen.
Warn those, who are knowing old farmers,
To at once start in having again.

For to have hay come out in the winter,
Bright, dustless, sweet, limber and green;
That will make all the cows, sheep and horses
Eat each foddering up slick and clean.
You must move are the daisy heads blacken,
Ere buttercup petals all fall;
Ere herd's grass or clover is rusting,
Or June grass has turned white at all.

So out from the snug winter housing,
Brake machine, rake and scythe, snath and
fork;

And see that the barrel down
Is full of what makes the men talk;
In the snatches hay the scythe, when you're
ground them;

Mend the rakes; the machine oil with care;
Set the rack on the wheels; and the horse-
And harnesses put in repair;

From the mire out of all the clutter
That plagued last winter and spring;

Clear the barn-floor; and over the great beam
Throw the rope that's the children's barn
spring;

Mow the grass 'round the barn and the road,
sides;

For help, hire strong, sturdy men.

It pays, like the birds, to be early.

And on time start in having again.

When the dew's on the grass, we'll be mow-

ing.

When 't's gone, we will open and spread;

We'll begin to haul in what we've opened.

When the sun nears the zenith o'erhead;

Then with hauling, and raking, and tumbling,

The rest of the day is soon gone;

And the haycocks loom up in the twilight,

Far larger than they do at morn.

And the fireflies fly round among them;

And the crickets all chirp with a will;

And you hear in the damp night air, some-

The mosquito's filing his dril;

And when drowsiness steals upon you,

And you're sleeping like all tired men,

You will dream till the gray of the dawning,

That you've started in having again.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE ROCK IN THE DESERT.

BY JULIA A. LESLIE.

A rock in the desert is Jesus to me,

A shelter from every blast,

When the tempest is raging then hither I flee

And hide till its fury is past.

Oh Rock in the Desert, Oh shade from the sun,

Oh refuge from the sorrow is high;

How glad to thy shelter my weary feet run,

There to till the storm passes by.

Oh Rock in the Desert, send in thy shade,

Cam in thy sheltering retreat,

Life's conflicts appal not, my heart's undis-

mayed

While the winds and the storms round me

beat.

No foe ever over, no evil beast hides,

Neither sickness nor death dreath nigh,

A peace passing knowledge hath the soul that

abides

In this "secret place of the Most High."

Oh come to this Rock in the desert of life,

Every soul that is burdened with care,

There's ease for thy sorrow, there's rest from

thy strife,

Oh seek an abiding place there.

Bridgetown, N. S.

Our Story Teller.

A HAIRPIN.

Mr. Robert Perkins entered his pri-

uate office with a disagreeable frown.

He tossed his hat at the nearest hook

and dropped himself into his swivel chair.

Then he lifted his knee in the air,

clashed his hands about it and

gnawed at his mustache. Ordinarily

Mr. Robert Perkins was a good looking

example of manhood. He wasn't at all

attractive at the present moment, how-

ever. That's what the fair haired girl

at the typewriter in the outer office

thought. She could see him when she

raised her eyes above her copy, and she

wondered what disturbed him so.

The fact is, he was a very much dis-

grunted man. He had cause to be.

Somebody was spying upon his move-

ments. Somebody was even prying into

his private affairs and stealing informa-

tion that was of great value to him.

Mr. Robert Perkins was a real estate

operator, a man of big deals, whose

name, in spite of his two and thirty

years, was already a power in the street.

Up to within a few weeks he had been

singularly successful, but now some-

body seemed to be blocking all his im-

portant moves. Only the day before he

had prepared in a sketchy way the plat

of an extensive tract he had meant to

secure, and now he had just discovered

that the price had been jumped on him

to an extent that meant an outlay of

\$10,000 more than he had counted on.

He knew that his breast was the only

guardian of this proposed deal—his car-

riage and his desk, for in the latter

was locked the precious plat.

Mr. Perkins pulled out his desk key

and thrust it into the keyhole. At least

he attempted to do so, but something

interfered, something which stubbornly

resisted the most violent effort. He

drew out the key and brought forth his

knife. A few minutes of energetic prying

and twisting dislodged the obstacle.

It was a hairpin.

A twisted hairpin of bronzed wire.

Mr. Perkins instinctively turned in his

chair and looked toward the fair haired

girl at the typewriter. She was

gazing over her work and did not see him.

Mr. Perkins knew that the fair haired

girl used hairpins of bronzed wire.

So without a word he tried to pick his desk

lock with a hairpin, the same somebody

who had been making mischief

for him right along. Could it be that

innocent looking young woman?

She handled his letters; she was to some

extent familiar with his private busi-

ness.

Mr. Perkins opened his desk with a

bang. Then he struck sharply on a call

bell that stood at his elbow. A boy ap-

peared in the doorway.

"George," said Mr. Perkins, "shut

the door."

When the lad's back was turned, he

looked at the hairpin again and sighed.

Then he thrust it carefully into his vest

pocket. When the boy approached him,

he was gazing intently at the plat

which it lay, apparently undisturbed,

in the desk.

"George," said Mr. Perkins, "do you

remember that I left early yesterday

afternoon?"

"Yes, sir," said George. "You went

away at 8 o'clock with Mr. Tompkins

in a carriage."

"Did you leave the outer office before

closing up time?"

"Yes, sir. I went to the postoffice

for stamps, and I came back by the way of Lawyer Briggs' office and left that abstract."

"How long were you gone?"

"About half an hour, sir."

"Was Miss Phillips in the office when you left?"

"Yes, Miss Alice."

"It was a pretty name. It was the first time Mr. Perkins had spoken it, and he thought it a very pretty name, and then his fingers closed on the hairpin and his heart hardened."

"She was here when I left and here when I come back, sir."

"Anybody else here?"

"Mr. Burnham was in just before I left. He was talking to Miss Alice, sir."

"Talking to Alice?"

There was something in his snappy tone that carried the intimation that Mr. Perkins didn't like this information.

"Yes, sir, talking confidential like.

He looked around, he stooped down and said something to low, and Miss Alice kind of blushed."

"What will, George?"

As the boy opened the door Mr. Perkins called him back.

"Step across the hall to Mr. Burnham's office and tell him I want to see him."

Two minutes later Mr. Tom Burnham puffed in. He was a short, stout man, with a double chin and a laughing face.

"Want to see me, Bob?" he cried as he took a chair.

"Yes," replied Mr. Perkins. He paused a moment. "I'm worried and puzzled," he added. "Somebody is robbing me of my ideas."

"Get out!" said Mr. Burnham.

"It's true," said Mr. Perkins. "A half dozen times within the last three weeks I have found myself face to face with evidence that my private papers have been tampered with."

"Seems incredible," said Mr. Burnham.

"Yes, but it's true."

"Suspect anybody?"

"Yes."

Perkins rang the bell.

"George," he said, "tell Miss Phillips that I want her."

"Hold on," said Burnham. "I don't like this. It's all wrong. Just excuse me."

"Sit down," said Mr. Perkins.

The stout man sank back in his chair.

Then the door opened, and Alice entered

Horse Department.

2.11 $\frac{1}{4}$ is the mark thus far for 1897.

It looks as though Gip Anderson might be one of the coming sires of stately, courageous roadsters, on the Kennebec.

The season is late and horses in training should be worked slowly. It will be necessary to be content with less speed at the early races else they will be an empty spot when the larger purses are fought for in September. Haste this year will be made by going slow.

Pastures are in fine shape this year and thus far there has been no trouble from the flies, and the colts are doing well. The one thing to guard against is a change from this condition. Keep them doing well all through the summer. If the grass fails add grain, and if the flies appear, take the colts to the market.

As a result of the conglomerate breeding of past years with the race track as the supreme end and aim it is easy to day to breed horses with curbs, ringbones, spavins, ungainly shaped hocks, ewe necks, long backs and high angular compings, and it is correspondingly hard to grow a fine, up-headed, substantial, useful horse. It is the latter which are wanted and not the former.

on clover hay exclusively, they develop too much "barrel" and become too "paunchy" to appear well as driving horses.

Now, however, an Indiana physician claims to have proved conclusively that for driving horses, clover hay is as satisfactory for an exclusive diet as it is for work horses. He says:

"I tried it last year on my two driving mares for three months. Of course, they usually had time to eat all night, if they wanted to, and as I keep office hours until 9 A. M. each day, they had plenty of time in the morning to eat clover hay. They lived on clover hay, salt and water for three months. They gained in flesh and strength. I needed no whip, and made long drives. At the end of the three months they were fed good timothy hay and corn. In a month they needed urging instead of pulling on the lines. In two months I bought a whip. It seems that I must, and used it, too, occasionally. They do not drive so well now, although I am not using them much. For one, I want nothing else to feed my driving horses but good clover hay."

The old idea that clover hay is injurious to horses is slowly dying out, and the time will come when the most valuable of all grasses will be grown for home consumption.

SHOWING HORSES.

It is not an infrequent occurrence for exhibitors to claim favors from the judges because of what their horses, or colts, might be or would be if in condition or properly trained. It is really surprising to note how many horses are badly shown at even our most important shows, and these conditions appear not to be peculiar to America alone. The following article, evidently by some one who knows whereof he speaks, is taken from an English contemporary and states the case so plainly those who read it will surely do.

Heart-burn isn't a heart trouble, or headache a head trouble. Both are due to constipation. A read and permanent cure for constipation is Dr. H. C. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. It is a safe, active, and two mild cathartics. The druggist who offers you something "just as good" is thinking of his cash-box and not of your health.

BEAUTY is Wealth

BEAUTY is as essential to a woman as any other quality. With beauty of form and feature comes beauty of mind and character. Physical beauty is rounded form, the brightly tinted cheek, vivacious eye, a certain ease and grace of movement, with indications of a superabundance of physical strength. Very few possess these qualities, but very many might possess them if they do not. If you feel that you are losing vitality, losing your beauty, losing your strength, if you feel that you are losing your health, you are becoming thin and small, that wrinkles (which the terror to all pretty women) are beginning to appear, take our advice and try that great discovery, "THE MASSAGE FACE CUP," which the author of "The Face Cup" has invented. It is a simple device, a small cup, which when applied to the face, will express all the expression of grace and beauty, systematized and directed to the skin, will easily and quickly make the muscles which need to be developed. Exercises cause the blood to rush to that part of the body called into action, the muscle is strengthened by the fresh blood and will never develop.

The Massage Cup will do for the face, when properly applied, by contracting and relaxing the muscles that exercise will do for the other parts of the body.

If you would have a plump complexion, if you

remove that "horrid" wrinkle, send One Dollar and we will mail you the "MASSAGE FACE CUP," with full directions for its use. Remember you can have your money back if you

do not like it.

AGENTS WANTED.

Address: J. C. LENNEY & CO.

Broadway. - New York.

3030

OUR FEED FOR PROFIT?

For FLIES Rob You MILK? Field?

No Flies, Fleas, Vermin, or Bors on Cows,

or Horses. - 100 lbs. per barrel.

Send 25c to

Co. 100, Fall River, Mass.

They will return 1 pint, and guarantee to refund

if no cow is milked within 30 days.

100 lbs. cost \$1.15; lasts 3 cows a season. Agents

desired.

Chance to Make Pin Money

AT HOME.

Send stamp for sample of needlework to be

done.

FOSTER MACHINE CO.,

25 West 20th St., New York City.

Augusta Safe Deposit

AND TRUST CO.

Opera House Block, Augusta, Me.

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GEO. A. COCHRANE,

(ESTABLISHED 1861.)

Commission Merchant,

AND

IMPORTER OF BUTTER, CHEESE

AND APPLES.

88 South Market St.

Boston, Mass.

Initial advances made on consignments

sale to foreign countries to my friends in

Great Britain and on the continent. 142

Augusta Water Company.

The annual meeting of the stockholders of

the Augusta Water Company will be held on

the 1st of July, 1897, at three

o'clock in the afternoon, for the ensu-

ing election of a Board of Directors for the ensu-

ing year.

J. H. MANLEY, Clerk.

Augusta, Me., June 21st, 1897.

4242

Poultry Department.

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Pastures are in fine shape this year and thus far there has been no trouble from the flies, and the colts are doing well. The one thing to guard against is a change from this condition. Keep them doing well all through the summer. If the grass fails add grain, and if the flies appear, take the colts to the market.

As a result of the conglomerate breeding of past years with the race track as the supreme end and aim it is easy to day to breed horses with curbs, ringbones, spavins, ungainly shaped hocks, ewe necks, long backs and high angular compings, and it is correspondingly hard to grow a fine, up-headed, substantial, useful horse. It is the latter which are wanted and not the former.

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